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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.

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The Astronomical Expedition.

The Newport correspondent of the Boston Advertiser gives the following sketch of the proceedings on the occasion of the report of the Astronomical Expedition to the Scientific Congress:

Newport, R. I., Wednesday, Aug. 8.

Expectation was on stilts to hear Prof. Alexander give the results of the Astronomical Expedition to Labrador, to view the eclipse. The expedition went out under the direction of the United States Coast Survey. It left New York June 28, in the surveying steamer Bibb, Lieut. Murray, U. S. N., commanding. The general charge was given to Prof. Stephen Alexander, of Princeton, N. J., who was aided by President F. A. P. Barnard, of the University of Mississippi, Prof. Smith, of Annapolis, Messrs. Walker and E. Goodfellow, of the Coast Survey, (who had charge of the magnetic observations), Prof. Hannibal and Mr. Leiber, of Columbia, S. C., Lieut. Ash, of the British Navy, P. C. DuChesnoy, photographer, of New York, and Mr. Thompson, of the Coast Survey, who assisted the photographer. They returned here yesterday afternoon.

The meeting came to order about 10 o'clock, and with little delay, Prof. Alexander gave his account of this expedition. He expressed himself, at the outset, very grateful for all the demonstrations of welcome which he and his party had met since their setting foot on shore. He said that he felt his ideas almost in a turmoil on coming from a land of monumental desolation to one where there is a high civilization and a social union, and begged pardon if the emotions pressing upon his mind should cause him to express himself ambiguously. He said that though he was at the head of the expedition, because some head was necessary, there was no superiority. Never in his wildest dreams had he conceived of such a scene of wild grandeur as on the fifty miles of the coast of Labrador, along which they skirted. An unbroken chain of mountains seemingly made of cast iron, with no arborescence, sent down their cold chills upon the water below from peaks covered with snow. Along the base of this barrier slept a bed of mist, held there by the laws of nature. When they looked up and saw a high plateau at the top, it was not manifest how they were to get up there. When they had entered a little inlet, the mountain barrier interposing left them a favorable place to work. When the weather was clear it was very clear, but it did not remain so for more than two days at a time; and they waited with great anxiety to see what the weather would be on the eventful day. The observations were all made from the land. They had school themselves to watch each his own phenomenon and not to suffer themselves to be awe-struck by the grandeur of the spectacle, to the diversion of their attention. Prof. Alexander was in the centre of the group, the photographer was at his side; one person counted the seconds, another the minutes. When the picture was taken, the minute of first contact had arrived, Prof. A. gave the signal, and the picture was taken. It proved that the belt of light nearest the moon was much brighter than the rest. Along the edge of the moon was a bluish light, which the photograph caught. Before it was thought that this light was only in the observer's eye, but it is proved that there is something there, which must be studied hereafter. No wonder that an eclipse used to be supposed to be caused by the devouring of the sun by a wild animal, or by the sun's slow fading away! The phenomenon was a most beautiful sight, and it was with difficulty that the beholders could restrain their ecstasy. It looked like an intensely brilliant, meandering fragment of metal creaking, and the intense heat, the sharp points falling away until the sun was gone. But the clouds prevented a thorough observation. It was the especial duty of one of the officers of the ship to watch the shadow of the moon as it passed away, upon the cliff; it came with fearful velocity, and was gone in three minutes. When the shadow was upon the observers, they saw an intensely beautiful array of colors—copper, leaden, golden, and ruddy. Below, the bold cliffs were of a dark bluish green. The whole spectacle was grand and beautiful. A newspaper, to be read, must be brought within four inches of the eye, the light being much less than the twilight at midnight. Just after the eclipse became total, Lieut. Ash caught a slight view of the small light blaze. This observation is of valuable value. But they did not quite lose the corona. Professor A. had arranged a number of observations for the seamen, under the general charge of the commander. He prepared a set of simple questions, and from the intelligent quarter-master he gathered the fact of how they saw the corona, how it looked and trembled, and how it shot out. The description was natural as precise. Prof. Alexander fixed a prepared sheet, in accordance with the ideas which he gathered, correcting it until the quarter-master and seamen said that it was exact. [Applause.] The speaker was himself justified of its reliability, and declared that it justified all the time, care, labor and expense bestowed upon the expedition.

Prof. Alexander, whose manner is extremely simple, elegant, and enthusiastic, was loudly applauded as he sat down. President Barnard followed, with the physical side of the question. He regretted that the state of the atmosphere had prevented them from observing several phenomena, and hoped that observers in other quarters had been more successful. He saw that curious breaking up of the lines of light between the sun and moon, just at the moment of total obscuration, described by Francis Bailey in 1837, and called "Bailey's beads." They also saw the phenomenon, but the fragments did not present just that rotundity, which entitle them to be called beads. Their appearance, he said, was so beautiful that the chief of the expedition was carried away; and, forgetting himself, broke the law of silence by exclaiming "Bailey's beads."

Prof. A.—I beg to correct Dr. Barnard. Somebody else said "Bailey's beads," and the chief cried, "Bailey's beads!" [Laughter.]

Mr. Canby accepted the correction, and said that all the time of the phenomenon, he was trying to count the number of beads, and did not see the phenomenon observed by Lieut. Ash. Previously to the meeting of the two limbs, it had been noticed that the moon's edge was very rough, while the sun was smooth. They saw nothing of that drawing out of the beads and their breaking as if they were the filaments of viscous fluids. Bailey himself did not see them when in Italy in 1842. Dr. Barnard thinks the beads are owing to the irregularity of the lunar disc at the edge where it meets the solar edge.

On passing the Straits of Belle Isle, July 7, the expedition met with a series of optical phenomena. The irregular refractions of light were exhibited on a large scale all around the horizon, constantly changing. He analyzed the three kinds of mirage, specimens of all of which they saw. The icebergs, under this refraction, presented a constantly changing aspect, extremely interesting; sometimes the true, sometimes the false, image was greatly exaggerated. Sometimes the phenomenon lasted so long that they could not take correct views of the coast. The company observed fifteen auroras; those in the high latitudes were chiefly coronas; a number of them very lasting, but not very dense. On the coast of Labrador there seems to be no spot where a loose stone could lie, that is not covered with loose stones; if loose stones cannot lie there, the surface is rocky. A very little vegetation grows in the fissures of the rocks. Animal life has almost disappeared; they found a very few land birds and a few ducks, but bagged no game. They saw no human beings, and no quadrupeds; only a few bones. The whole scene presented a grand and almost sublime Golgotha.

Prof. Alexander corrected Dr. Barnard in so far as to say that there was a little animal life, which came out most beautifully, when the sun was half-covered. A little bird, sweet as a nightingale, but unknown to them, in the midst of the silence and gloom, burst out into song. Some of the party also saw a black bear stalking over the mountains, so that the "Great Bear" was seen on the earth as well as in the heavens.

Mr. Barnard said he had forgotten to mention another animal, which was exceedingly abundant, even though the temperature was but little above the freezing point. The mosquitoes were so thick that perhaps the swamps of Mississippi could hardly compete with that region.

Prof. Alexander spoke of the magnetic variations, which were extreme. Under the influence of the eclipse, however, they were quiet.

An Unfortunate Editor.

Our merry contemporary of the *Cheraw Gazette*, complains of the tailors and hat makers "that never study his physiognomy." He says he has had three new hats in his time, and perhaps as many coats, that caused him no little mortification. When dressed in the first one an old friend hallooed across the street to him, saying, "Good morning, Spire!"

He changed his hat and coat, but the very first time he went from home, was hailed by a passing acquaintance with, "Good morning, Col. O—r—r." He quickly replied that he wasn't Col. O—r—r or Col. anybody else, and would thank his friend to be a little more particular next time, for though the Col. was a very good-looking man he thought he was rather a slippery politician, and he didn't want to be like him.

That suit was laid by another one tried. About leaving town, at the depot, a stranger approached him, caught him by the hand, exclaiming that he was "mighty glad" to see him—did not expect the pleasure of seeing him there, and asked when he reached Cheraw. He told the stranger there was nothing surprising in his being there, that he had been there thirty years, and was going on to say more, when his companion exclaimed, "Ain't you Bishop Ives?" "Thunder! No?" he replied, he'd be d—d if he was Bishop Ives, or Bishop anybody else, and slid into the cars, determined to look nobody in the face he returned home again.

We'd like right well to accompany our fully confere the next time he mounts a new hat, and puts on his fourth new coat, and starts for Florida.

By the way, brother, in our opinion, a man who looks like a Bishop ought not to "say bad words." We reckon, however, that you were so shocked at the Depot on that occasion, that you hardly knew what word was rushing to your tongue until it jumped out.—*De Deo Times*.

Sorrows gather round great souls as storms do around great mountains, but like them, they break the storms and purify the air of the plain beneath them. Every burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often only like the stones used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize and rise enriched. A small sorrow distracts, a great one makes us collected—as a bell loses its clear tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it when the fissure is enlarged.—*Jean Paul*.

Highwaymen of the Old School. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express was lately robbed in the most polite way of \$15,000, near Chico, Butte County, California. The *San Francisco Herald* gives the following account of the proceeding:

The outrage was committed at about nine o'clock in the evening. The night was dark, and as the stage was emerging from a wood and about to descend into a creek, the bed of which was dry, some person ahead of the coach called on the driver, in a loud voice, to stop. The driver supposed that a team or some other obstruction was in the way, and suddenly reined in his horses. On looking round, some what to his astonishment, he discovered two men with double-barrelled guns levelled at the passengers on the box seat, and another with a similar weapon covering the four or five persons inside.

The captain of the gang, with a cocked revolver in his hand, stepped up to the driver and informed him in a cool and clear voice that he must have the money in the treasure-box and then turning to Mr. Bowen, the express messenger, said: "Charley, it will be of no use to resist. Nobody shall be harmed, if you don't make any fuss. And in the mean time," pursued the highwayman, "gentlemen will be kind enough to hold up their hands." It is not necessary for us to say that the passengers obeyed, and the driver dropped the reins, and each man's fingers pointed instantly to heaven.

"Now, then, Charley," said the robber, "I must have your pistol to prevent accidents," and he proceeded to disarm the expressman, notwithstanding the outraged man's remonstrances. As the robber took the pistol, with a naive affectation of surprise and an ominous shake of the head, he said: "Why, Charley, the pistol is actually cocked. Don't be foolish, Charley." Thereupon Charley immediately subsided, with the remark that it was very hard that he should be treated in such a manner. "Not at all, Charley," answered the robber, "I am not robbing you—you cannot help yourself, but your Company advertises that they have a capital stock of \$500,000, and \$15,000 to divide among the boys would not be missed, Charley, you know." By way of mollifying Charley's feelings, the highwayman politely assured him, upon his honor, "as a gentleman," that he was not a murderer, and did not desire to take a dollar from any person then present.

At this time Mr. McDuffie suggested that there existed no absolute necessity for the strange gentleman's friends on the road to persist in holding their guns in so very close proximity to his head, as he had just known men under such circumstances to suffer from nervous excitement, and although he could not doubt their peaceful assurances or the honesty of their intention, the triggers clanked to be very finely set, an explosion might take place very suddenly. Thereupon the robber bowed politely, and expressed his desire to make the interview as pleasant as a possible, and directed his men to elevate their fowling pieces, but still to keep the enemy "well covered." After this he unbuckled the horses, fastened them securely to a fence close by, declining, in affectionate language, the assistance of the driver, and drew from the stage the box of treasure.

He was about to split open the box with an axe, when he remarked to "Charley" that it would be a pity to spoil the furniture, and asked for the key. Observing some hesitation and grumbling on the part of the messenger, he brought forward a bundle of cord, and expressed the opinion that it would be necessary for him to tie "Charley," as he was talking a great deal too much. "What would you give to know me, Charley?" (his face was masked) he asked. "Two-and-a-half," was the sullen reply. "Ah, your liberality will be the death of you," replied the highwayman, who then very coolly opened the treasure-box, filled the pockets of his comrades with its contents, placed "Charley's" pistol in the bed of the coach, fastened the horses again to the stage, expressed the delight he experienced in meeting with the gentlemen who were so unexceptionable in their deportment, and bade a graceful adieu. The robbers then left for the woods.

During the whole proceeding not an oath was heard, and the captain of the gang did his utmost, says our informant, to soothe the fright of the passengers.

A New Mexican Forest on Fire.

A letter to the *St. Louis Democrat*, from Santa Fe, states that four Mexican herders were driving a herd of cattle through the mountains north of that place, a short time since, when the following incident occurred:

The mountains were on fire at the time, but thinking the way clear before them, they proceeded up a valley until they found their way barred by an impenetrable wall of fire; in alarm they hastily retraced their steps, in the vain hope that escape might still be possible. But alas! they were too late; fire had closed the avenue by which they had entered the valley, and a broad belt of flame encircled them on every side, the area of which was rapidly diminishing every moment. The long drought had rendered the rubbish and undergrowth below as dry as tinder, and the flames licked them up with fearful rapidity; and springing upward, caught the pine leaves above, glossy with resin, and then leaping from tree to tree, formed a billow of fire awful to behold. The affrighted herd, following with fear, dashed through the flames, the most of them escaping badly burned, but some perished. Two of the herders attempted to follow them; but who can breathe in such an atmosphere, walk on burning coals, enveloped in flames, and live?

A few steps only were taken, when their nerves became contracted with the intense heat, their limbs refused to perform their office, and they sank shrieking on a bed of fire, never more to rise. Their comrades heard the dying groans of their companions, and the wild howling of the flames as they came surging onward; and, maddened by despair, they dashed wildly from side to side, eagerly seeking that which they dared not hope to find, and already suffering in anticipation the agonies of a death, too fearful to think of, when a huge rock barred their way, and they saw, with a thrill of joy, that a small spring of water gushed out at its foot. Hope revived within them at the sight, and with an energy such an emergency only could inspire, they improved the few remaining moments as the flames should reach them, in preparing to resist them. Everything combustible was removed, until the increasing heat forced them to desist, then inserting some dry branches in the crevices of the rock above the spring, they saturated their blankets with water, and spread them out upon them, and seating themselves under their shelter, continued to apply the water as fast as the scanty supply permitted.

As hot, coals, and burning branches fell thickly around them, and their hopes fluctuating rapidly between hope and despair as their chances of escape increased or lessened. Moments seemed lengthened into hours, and doubtless more than the agonies of death were passed by these poor herders, ere hope ripened into certainty, and they knew they were indeed saved as "brands in the burning."

Guizot's Opinion of Public Life.

In the third volume of his *Memoirs* just published, the late Prime Minister of Louis Philippe, after sketching the history of his Ministry of Public Instruction, and various other topics of great interest, writes thus about himself:

I have no desire to intrude my private life and feelings on public attention. The more they are exposed to public view, the less are they disposed to exhibit themselves, for I cannot show them in their true reality. Kings exhibit their crowns and jewels to the inspection of the curious; but we do not parade our private treasures, the value of which is only known to the owners. Yet, when the fatal day arrives in which these invaluable possessions are wrested from us it would be evincing towards them a want of proper respect and faith not to declare the esteem in which they have been held and the void they have left. I have been strongly attached to political life, and have applied myself to it with ardor. I have devoted to public duties, without hesitation, the sacrifices and efforts they demanded from me; but these pursuits have ever been far indeed from satisfying my desires. It is not that I complain of the incidental trials. Many public servants have spoken with bitterness of the disappointments they have experienced, the reverses they have undergone, the severities of fortune, and the ingratitude of men. I have nothing of the kind to say, for I have never acknowledged such sentiments. However violently I may have been stricken, I have never found men more blind or ungrateful, or my political destiny more harsh, than I expected. It has had alternately, and in great abundance, its joys and sorrows; such is the law of humanity. But it has been in the happiest days, and in the midst of the most brilliant success of my career, that I have found the insufficiency of public life. The political world is cold and calculating; the affairs of government are lofty, and powerfully impress the thought; but they cannot fill the soul, which has often more varied and more pressing aspirations than those of the most ambitious politician. It longs for happier and more tender than that which all the labors and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day at the end of my career, I have felt when it began, and during its continuance; even in the midst of great undertakings, domestic affections form the basis of life, and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyment, if it separates us from family and friendship.

The Eclipse of the Sun in Spain.

A correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Tudela, Spain, gives the following account of his observations of the eclipse of the sun, on the 18th ultimo:

Shortly after three o'clock, it became evident that the total eclipse was approaching from the northwest. At three minutes past three, the sky and the horizon in that direction were rapidly becoming dark, while the bright glow of sunshine was as yet unchanged towards the southeast.

At four minutes past three, an unearthly ghastly glow, once seen never to be forgotten, covered the whole scene, and was most evident upon the greyly ground at my feet. The light now rapidly decreased. But, with the exception of this glow, which was very conspicuous upon the grey hills, I could see no particular change of color in the trees or landscape.

At five minutes past three the western horizon was lost in darkness, and the conical hills to the northward were invisible, while the clouds towards the east sent forth a bright glow of light from the sun still shining on their fronts. At this time a bright wavy line of light flickered once after another over the ground parallel to my line of sight with the sun. On looking up from these I found that the sun had already disappeared, and that I had missed the formation of the corona. The black circle of the moon was already surrounded by the crown of glory; two stars shone brightly a few degrees from the sun, and so magnificent was the spectacle above, so glorious the spectacle below, that I could not help looking for a few moments from the one to the other. A bright light, I think of a greenish yellow color, skirted the horizontal sky, and the bands of cumuli shone with a brilliant glow. The darkness was not intense; the light from the corona and the distant refractions far surpassed the brightest moonlight. It would have been easy to read the smallest type.

The edge of the sun suddenly appeared, about nine and a half minutes past three, and the first instantaneous burst of light was very impressive. I now observed instantly the disappearance of the corona, and can say with confidence that it did not disappear; but was gradually rendered invisible by the increasing intensity of the sun's light. I could perceive it gradually diminishing in breadth till I could no longer observe the sun without protection of the eyes.

I now looked again to the south. The northwest horizon was glowing with light, and to the southeast the sun was visible. The total eclipse was passing in that direction; the clouds presently became invisible, and remained so during about six minutes, when they gradually reappeared. The rapid increase of darkness to the southeast, and that of returning light to the northwest, were very evident, otherwise I perceived no line of shadow upon the earth's surface.

Scotch Servants.

The change in the character of domestic service, which is now a mere question of pecuniary interest, instead of the personal attachment and unwavering fidelity of earlier days, is a subject much dwelt upon by the admirers of the good old times; yet those advantages had their drawbacks in a familiarity of intercourse, and assumption of importance, or the score of long service, which often reversed the position of master and servant, and made of the latter a sort of domestic tyrant.

At a dinner party in the last generation, one of the family noticed that a guest was looking for a proper spoon to help himself to salt. The old servant was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was reported in a more peremptory manner: "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt spoon." To which he replied most emphatically: "Last time Mrs. Murray was here we lost a salt spoon."

An old servant, who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drunk wine with every lady at the table, but had overlooked one, joggled his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her with the green gown?"

A Mr. Erskine of Dunn, had almost determined to free himself from the thralldom of one of these old retainers, when, one day walking out with his man, on crossing a field, the master exclaimed: "There's a hare!" Andrew looked at the place and coolly replied, "What a big hog, it's a cant!" The master, quite angry, now plainly told the domestic they must part. The tried servant of forty years innocently asked, "Ay, sir, where ye gae?" He said, "ye're best at home," supposing that, if there was to be any disruption, it must be the master who would change the place.

An old coachman of a noble lady, being peremptorily ordered to depart, coolly replied: "Na, na, my lady, I drove ye to yer marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to yer burial."

An old Forfarshire lady, knowing the habits of a spoiled servant, when she wished a note to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it to him, saying, "There, now, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in it; no dinna stop to open it, but just send it off."

How Many Soldiers of the Revolution Still Survive?

The departure of the future King of Great Britain for our shores, called long for an article on the United States. The *Saturday Review* has the finest article on the subject, a portion of which we quote. Strictly speaking, this fresh and vigorous weekly is incorrect when it says, in regard to our separation from England, that, "the utmost period of human life has more than elapsed since the fatal quarrel; and the last man who fought in the war of Independence, on either side, has long been in his grave." How many soldiers who fought on the English side still survive, we have no means of knowing; but we may approximately state the number of our relics of the men who fought in the greatest war so far as results are concerned of the 18th century. According to the last report of the Secretary of the Interior, there were on the 30th of June, 1858, two hundred and fifty-three revolutionary pensioners. Between that time and the end of the last fiscal year, (June 30, 1859,) one revolutionary soldier was inscribed upon the rolls of \$20 per annum. Then we should have, if no deaths had occurred, on the first of July, 1859, no less than 254 survivors who bore their part, either for a longer or for a shorter time, in our war of independence. But death deals suddenly and frequently with men so aged, and therefore we find that 89 of them, (more than one-third) died in the twelve months elapsing between July, '58, and July, '59. There were then on July 1, 1859, but 165 living, and probably to-day there are not 150 left.

Men who are now in the period of robust manhood, can remember in their boyhood that revolutionary soldiers were even then old men. If we consider the battle of Lexington (April 19, 1775) the inauguration of our war of Independence, more than eighty-five years have elapsed since the "minute men" of Lexington were ordered by Major Pitcairn to "disperse." It is not probable that one of those minute men was then less than twenty-one years of age. There is, we believe, no survivor of that battle, or skirmish, which proved so fatal to the expedition under Pitcairn. Hon. Edward Everett, in his polished, eloquent and forcible oration at Boston on the Fourth of July this year, stated that not a single American soldier who took part in the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, was still living, but it appears that two old men have been found in New England, more than one hundred years old, who were upon the rolls of that gallant band, which, under Warren, Prescott, and "Old Put," gave the British such a disastrous victory. On the 19th of April, 1783, just eighteen years after the bloodshed at Lexington, the news of peace reached Washington's headquarters at Newburg. This was more than 77 years ago, and the rawest recruit or drummer boy, who might have been fifteen years of age, would now be more than ninety-two. Five years more, and there will not be in all probability left a single member of that patriotic army which was disbanded in November, 1783.—*N. E. Journal of Commerce*.

Sator arpeio lex, opora rotas.

1. This spells backward and forward all the same.

2. Then taking all the first letters of each word spells the first word.

3. Then taking all the second letters of each word spells the second.

4. Then all the third, and so on through the fourth and fifth.

5. Then commencing with the last letter of each word spells the last word.

6. Then the next to the last of each word, and so on through.

EXTRAORDINARY SMOOKING MATCH.

Mr. Goodman, a gentleman well known in all turf circles, undertook a short time back to smoke one pound of strong foreign regalia within 12 hours, for a wager of 20 pounds a side.

The conditions were that the smoker should smoke each "weed," one at a time, fairly out to within an inch, the backer of time finding the cigars. The match came off on Saturday, the 7th inst., on a standstill plying between London and Chelsea, the smoker taking his seat at a box, like an ordinary passenger. The cigars ran 36 to the pound, so that the smoker had to consume eight an hour to win his wager. The task was commenced at 10 A. M., and terminated at 7:20 P. M. In the course of 9 hours and 20 minutes 72 cigars were fairly smoked out, the greatest number consumed being in the second hour, when the smoker disposed of no less than sixteen. At the seventy-second cigar, when fourteen only remained to be smoked, the backer of time gave in finding that Mr. Goodman was sure to win, and the smoker blew the remaining quantity in gentle clouds at his leisure in the course of the same evening. The smoker declares that he felt not the slightest difficulty of unpleasantness throughout his 9 hours and 20 minutes work, and calculates that if the match had gone on to the end he should have won by half an hour. The only refreshment taken during the progress of the match was a chop at 2 o'clock, the eating of which occupied 20 minutes, and a gill and a half of brandy in cold water at intervals during the smoking. The betting, when the match was first made, was 6 and 7 to 1 against the smoker; but, after a public trial at the White Bear, Piccadilly, when the smoker consumed an 8 penny cigar in three minutes, offers were made to bet 6 to 1 against him. It should be mentioned that the cigars were of the first quality.

THE CAROLINA WOMEN OF 1780.

The virtue and magnanimity of the Charleston ladies, vies with the Spartans of old. Nothing can equal their adherence to the independence of America. The vanquishers strive all in their power to induce them to partake of their amusements, but all their importunities cannot prevail upon any of them to add abstruse to their halls, etc. They, sensible of the distress to their (once happy) country, seem to take no pleasure but in retiring from public view, to bemoan the cause of suffering liberty. When nothing but tyrannical destruction appears to be hovering over every friend to freedom, they, like true heroines, display an invincible firmness and resolution. Were the men half so steady to their country's good as the women, no nation could boast more illustrious natives than Carolina. To the everlasting glory of the sex, many examples can be adduced of ladies exhorting their dearest connections to behave with a becoming fortitude; anxious for their honor, earnestly urging them to perseverance, while they by a laudable economy are supporting their families.

POWER OF AN ATOM OF POISON.

A young Brazilian student of medicine has just died in Paris, where he recently graduated with honor. He succumbed to the result of a minute dissection wound in the thumb. His preceptors, Valpeau, Chassaigne, and other eminent physicians, in vain adopted all the expedients that medical science and skill could suggest to stay the madly. Full of ardor and zeal to make the most of his professional opportunities in Paris, the patient insisted on continuing his attendance on the hospitals, and expired the very evening before the day fixed for his return to practice medicine in his native place.

The celebrated Dr. Phillips has recently been in danger of life from a similar cause and Dr. Lemarechal, formerly a naval surgeon, has just died at Landernau, (department of Finistere, in France,) at the age of fifty-eight, in consequence of a puncture with a suture needle, which had lain some time in a wound for the removal of a cancerous tumor. Diseases of similar origin are far from infrequent. Dr. Fullerton gives an instance of a lady inoculating herself by kissing the corpse of her son-in-law, while her lips were slightly abraded. She recovered, but a second patient, a butcher, having died from inoculation in skinning a diseased cow, this celebrated physician was assisted by a medical friend in examining the body. Though no wound was received while conducting their investigations, both surgeons were troubled with a pricking, and heated sensation in the hands and arms, followed by a feeling of discomfort and want of appetite for a week afterwards. In Australia, sheep, horses, and cows often communicate a similar dangerous, and oftentimes fatal disease, to the persons employed to prepare their skins for commerce.

CURE FOR GROWING NAILS.

It is stated, by a correspondent, that cauterization by hot tallow is an immediate cure for growing nails. He says: The patient on which I first tried this was a young lady, who had been unable to put on a shoe for several months, and decidedly the worst case I have ever seen. The disease had been of long standing. The edge of the nail was deeply undermined; the grand nail, a high ridge, partly covered with skin, and pus constantly oozed from the root of the nail, the whole toe was swollen and extremely tender and painful. My mode of proceeding was this: I put a very small piece of tallow in a spoon, and heated it over a lamp until it became very hot, and dropped two or three drops between the nail and granulations. The effect was almost magical. Pain and tenderness were at once relieved in a few days the granulations were all gone, the diseased parts dry and destitute of feeling, and the edge of the nail is exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. The cure was complete, and the trouble never returned. I have tried this plan repeatedly since, with the most satisfactory results. The operation causes but little, if any pain, if the tallow is properly heated. A repetition might, in some cases, be necessary, although I never met with a case that did not yield to one application. Admitting the theory of Dr. Lorrimer to be correct, the *modus operandi* is very plainly to be seen. The liquid cautery insinuates itself in every interstice under the nail, accomplishing in one minute, without pain, all that can be effected by the painful application of nitrate of silver for several weeks.

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